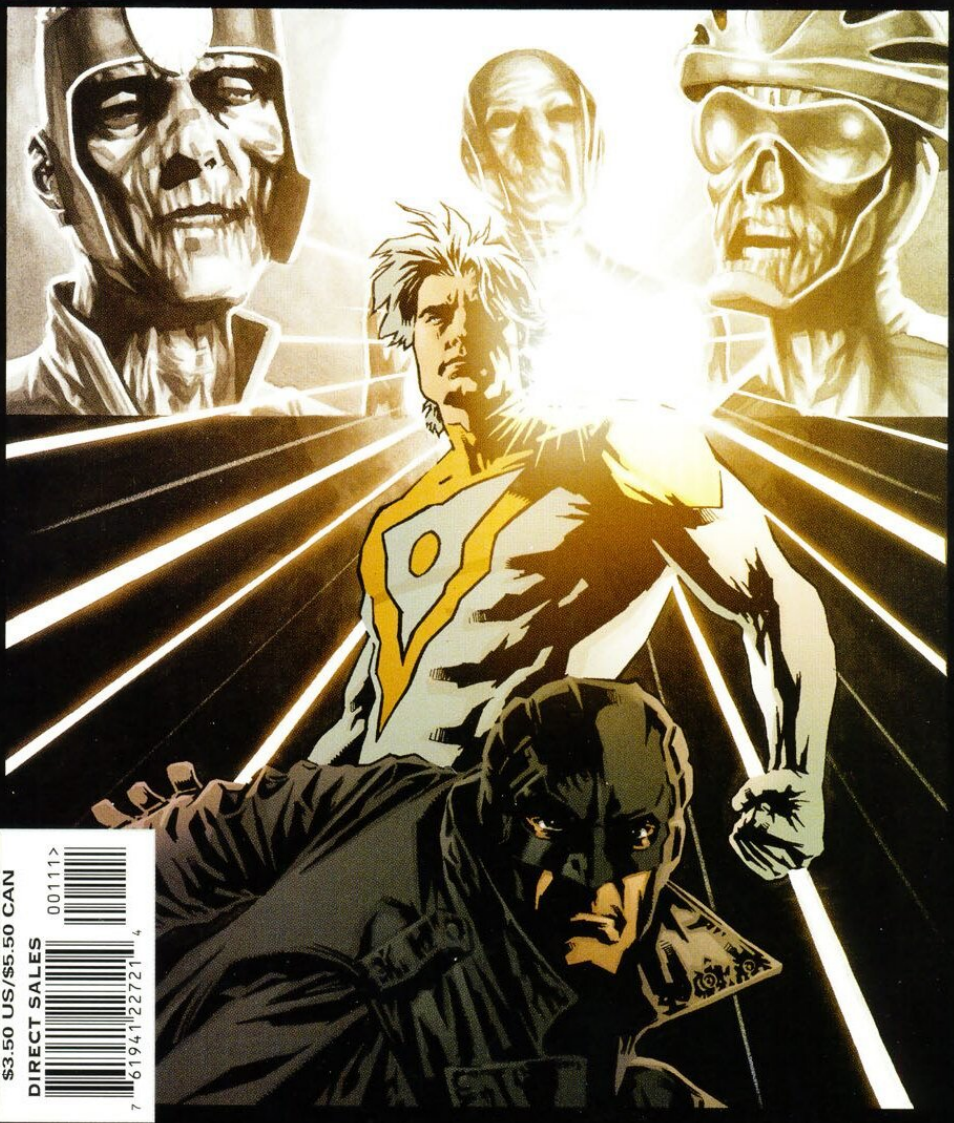
WILDSTORM

ANNUAL 2000

DEVIL'S NIGHT

THE AUTHORITY



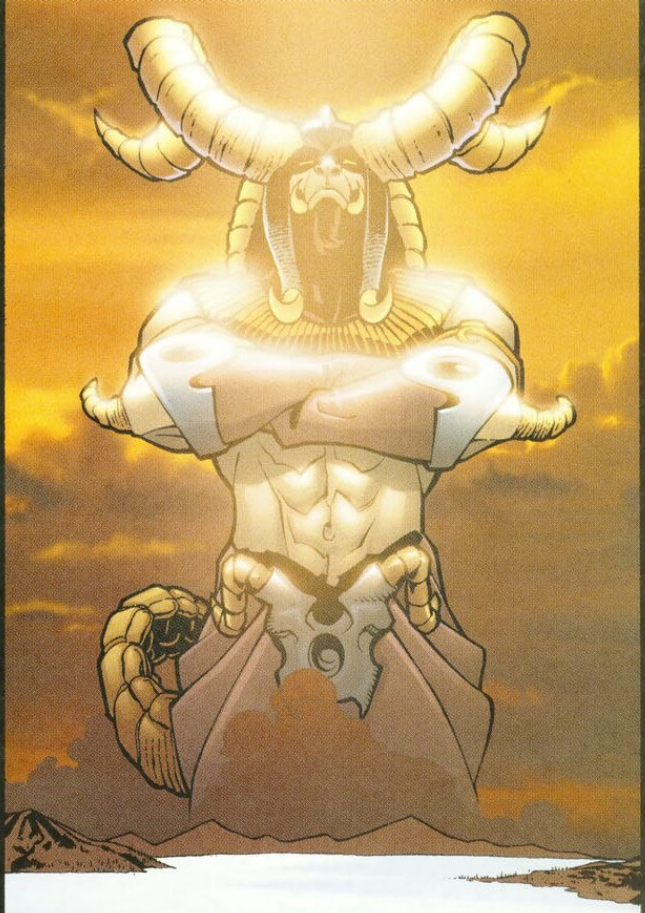
wildstorm.com

$3.50 US/$5.50 CAN

DIRECT SALES

001111

7 61941 22721 4



The AUTHORITY
"THE BREAKS"
ONE of ONE

JOE CASEY
writer

CULLY HAMNER
artist

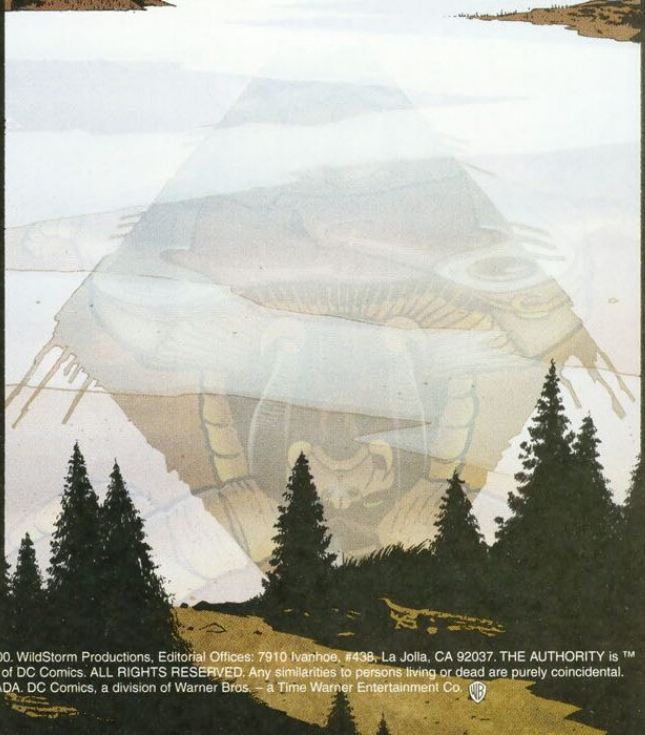
RAY SNYDER with CULLY HAMNER & MARK IRWIN
inkers

DAVID BARON
colorist

NAGHMEH ZAND
letterer

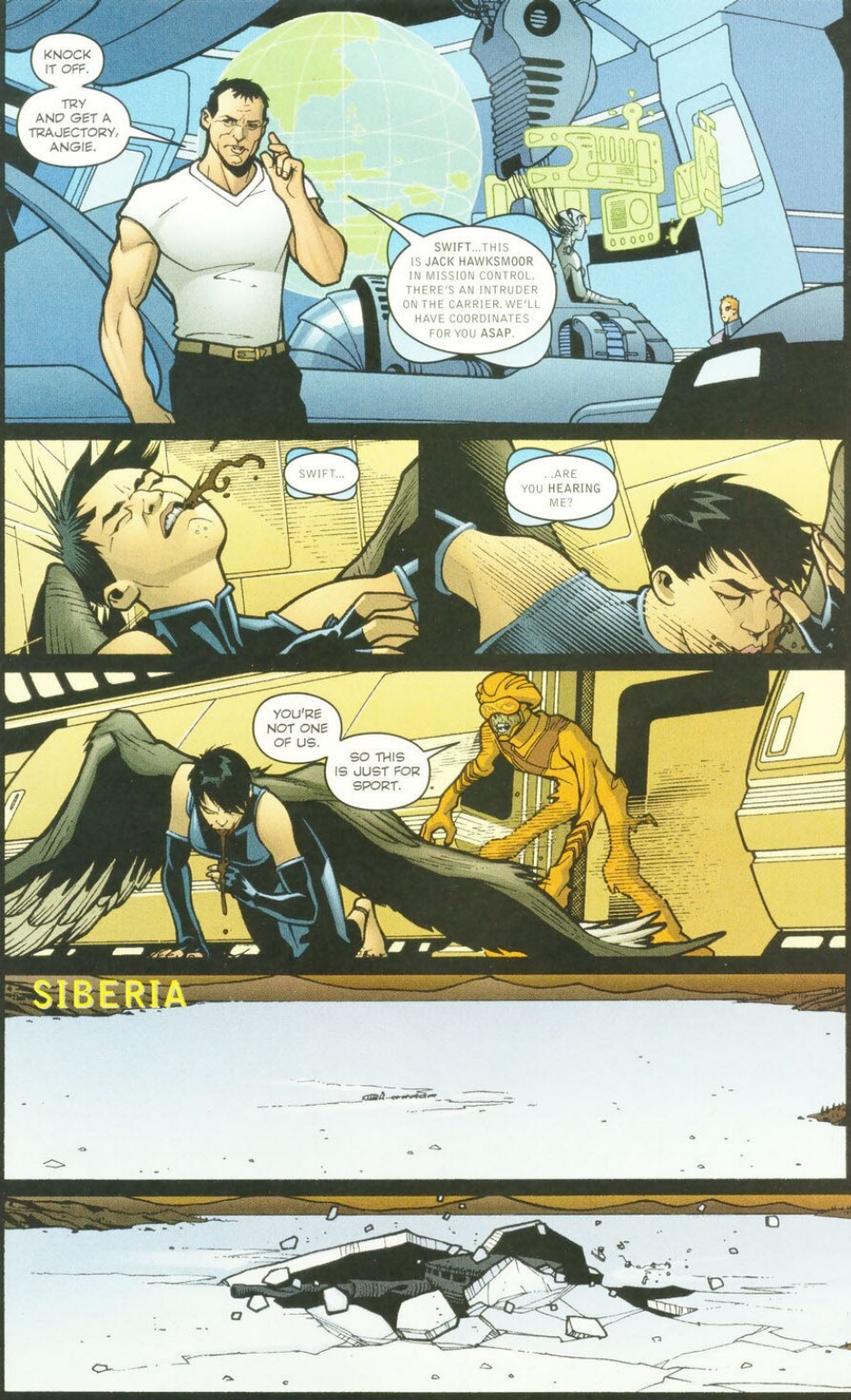
JOHN LAYMAN
editor

The Authority created by Warren Ellis and Bryan Hitch.



THE AUTHORITY ANNUAL 2000. December 2000. WildStorm Productions, Editorial Offices: 7910 Ivanhoe, #438, La Jolla, CA 92037. THE AUTHORITY is ™ and © 2000 WildStorm Productions, an imprint of DC Comics. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental.
PRINTED IN CANADA. DC Comics, a division of Warner Bros. – a Time Warner Entertainment Co.

THE CARRIER
PIERCING THE ENDLESS BLACK VOID OF LOST SOULS, SCREAMING SILENCE...
JACK.
WE'VE GOT A SPEEDSTER ONBOARD.
DAMN.
NEVER A QUIET MOMENT.
WHERE AND HOW?
"WHERE" IS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE. AS TO "HOW"...
NOT BY NATURAL MEANS. I CAN FEEL IT.
YOU SURE IT'S NOT JUST THE D.T.'S...?


KNOCK IT OFF.
TRY AND GET A TRAJECTORY, ANGIE.
SWIFT...THIS IS JACK HAWKSMOOR IN MISSION CONTROL. THERE'S AN INTRUDER ON THE CARRIER. WE'LL HAVE COORDINATES FOR YOU ASAP.
SWIFT...
...ARE YOU HEARING ME?
YOU'RE NOT ONE OF US.
SO THIS IS JUST FOR SPORT.
SIBERIA

THIS PLACE STINKS OF DEATH.
THAT'S JUST FROM THE PARADE OF HOUSEGUESTS.
SHOULD BE *USED* TO IT BY NOW.
ANYTHING GOOD ON TV TONIGHT?
YOU DIDN'T *REALLY* JUST SAY THAT, DID YOU...?
YOU TWO *MARRIED* YET...?
YOU GIRLS ALWAYS MADE ME *NAUSEOUS*.
FINALLY... I CAN *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
AMAZE. BUT YOU'RE--
I THINK *THIS* IS WHAT YOU WERE SMELLING.
NOW GET BACK ON THE CLOCK.

YOU'RE DEAD.
YOU'RE GOOD, LIZA.

THAT'S IT.

LET HIM GO.
YOU CAN'T KILL ME AGAIN!

UH OH...
...WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS.

TROUBLE IN ST. PETERSBURG.
SCRAMBLE.

ATTENTION... THE ENGINEER AND THE DOCTOR ARE WITH ME. WE'RE HEADED FOR THE JUNCTION ROOM.
WE'RE BUSY.
YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.
BUT I FEEL GOOD.
CARRIER...
SEAL THE ROOM.

SO... WE'RE IT?
FOR THE MOMENT, APPARENTLY...
...JUST KEEP YOUR MINDS ON THE TASK AT HAND. WE'RE ALL ADULTS HERE.
EASY FOR *YOU* TO SAY. YOU'RE BACK IN YOUR ELEMENT.
EXACTLY. YOU CAN DROP ME OFF *HERE*.
NOW THERE'S A GUY THAT KNOWS HOW TO HAVE *FUN*...
COULD YOU *NOT* SPEAK?
BOTH OF YOU... **SHUT IT**.
SOMEONE'S DOING SOME **REDECORATING**...

IT'S BIG, ISN'T IT?
I'VE SEEN BIGGER.
LOOKS LIKE A GHOST SHIP. YOU THINK...?
I DON'T KNOW IF I'D USE THAT TERM.
CHECK IT OUT.
THESE THINGS CAN NEVER BE SIMPLE, CAN THEY...?

THISISWHATI'MTALKINGABOUTRIGHTTHERE!
SOYOUDOHAVEACAGEDBABYUNIVERSEHERE!
IDON'TKNOWWHEREILEARNEDTHISTRICK...
...BUTITHINKI'LLUNCAGEIT!
I HATE SPEEDSTERS.
NONONONONONONO--

SOMETIMES SPEED KILLS.
JACK, THIS IS **SWIFT**. I'M ON MY WAY TO WHERE YOU ARE--
FROM ETERNAL DARKNESS, THE *LAMP* IS *LIT* ONCE AGAIN...
...AND THE LIGHT BURNS WITH *VENGEANCE*.

THEY'RE NOT THE **TOUGHEST** BUNCH WE'VE SEEN... BUT THEY'VE GOT THE **NUMBERS**.
JACK... WHERE **ARE** YOU...?
GETTING A CLOSER LOOK.
I'M ON THE **BRIDGE**.
GIVE ME A MINUTE TO **CLEAN UP**...

LET ME OUTTA' HERE!
COME ON--!
I'VE BEEN BORN AGAIN--!
YOU'RE... NOT GOING... ANYWHERE...

I'M... PERSONALLY... SENDING YOU... BACK TO WHATEVER HELL...YOU CAME FROM...
BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!
BESIDES, IF THIS ISN'T HELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS! NOTE THE LACK OF SUNLIGHT...

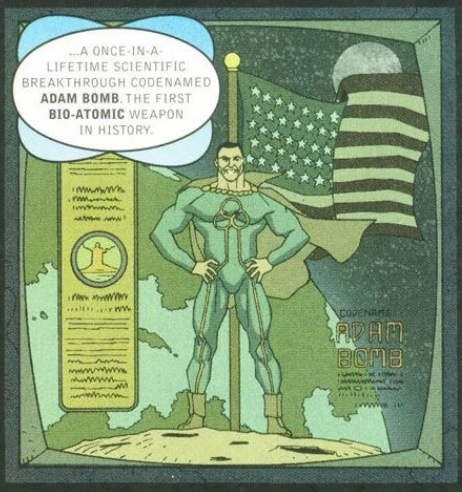
FEEL THAT?!
IS THAT ENOUGH PAIN FOR YOU, MARY?!
SEE THIS?!
A BULLET THROUGH YOUR SKULL...NOW THAT'S PAIN!
I MAY NOT HAVE A GUN, BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT APPROXIMATING IT...
ARE WE TALKING ABOUT PAIN HERE...?
MY FAVORITE SUBJECT.
YEAH... LET'S TALK ABOUT PAIN.

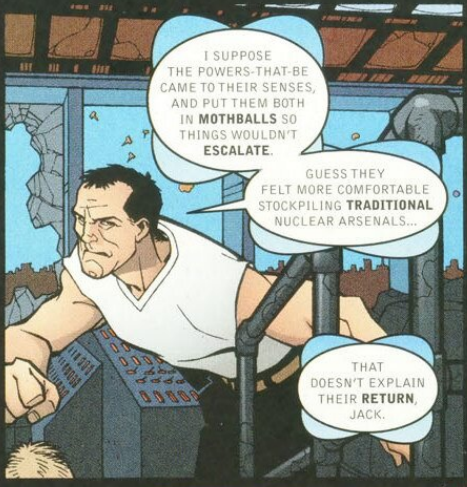
LET'S.
DOOR.
DON'T LEAVE ME NOW, YOU OLD QUEEN...
...WE'LL MAKE YOU FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.

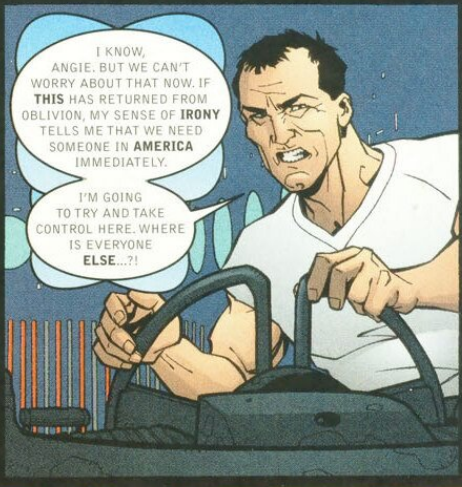
THEY JUST KEEP COMING.
ARE WE GOING TO BE HERE ALL DAY?
CUT THE CHATTER. I'VE TAKEN THE BRIDGE AND I'M ACCESSING THEIR CENTRAL COMPUTER. AT LEAST, I **THINK** I AM...
THIS EQUIPMENT IS **ARCHAIC**!
YOU NEED **ME**?
NEGATIVE. REMAIN EXTERIOR. I'VE GOT IT NOW...
GOOD GOD...!
WE'RE DEALING WITH FLOATING SOVIET **BATTLE BARGE** THAT WAS DECOMMISSIONED IN 1955...
ACCORDING TO THEIR DATA BANKS, THIS THING WAS CONSTRUCTED STRICTLY AS A **DETERRTENT** MEASURE.
DETERRENT TO **WHAT**...?
OH NO...

NEW MEXICO, USA

I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK. APPARENTLY, THE COLD WAR MANIFESTED ITSELF IN QUITE A FEW WAYS...
WHO KNOWS WHICH CAME FIRST, BUT THIS BARGE WAS CONSIDERED A **DIRECT RESPONSE** TO AN **AMERICAN** ADVANCE IN THE ART OF WAR...


...A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH CODENAMED **ADAM BOMB**. THE FIRST **BIO-ATOMIC** WEAPON IN HISTORY.
CODENAME: ADAM BOMB


I SUPPOSE THE POWERS-THAT-BE CAME TO THEIR SENSES, AND PUT THEM BOTH IN **MOTHBALLS** SO THINGS WOULDN'T **ESCALATE**.
GUESS THEY FELT MORE COMFORTABLE STOCKPILING **TRADITIONAL** NUCLEAR ARSENALS...
THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THEIR **RETURN**, JACK.

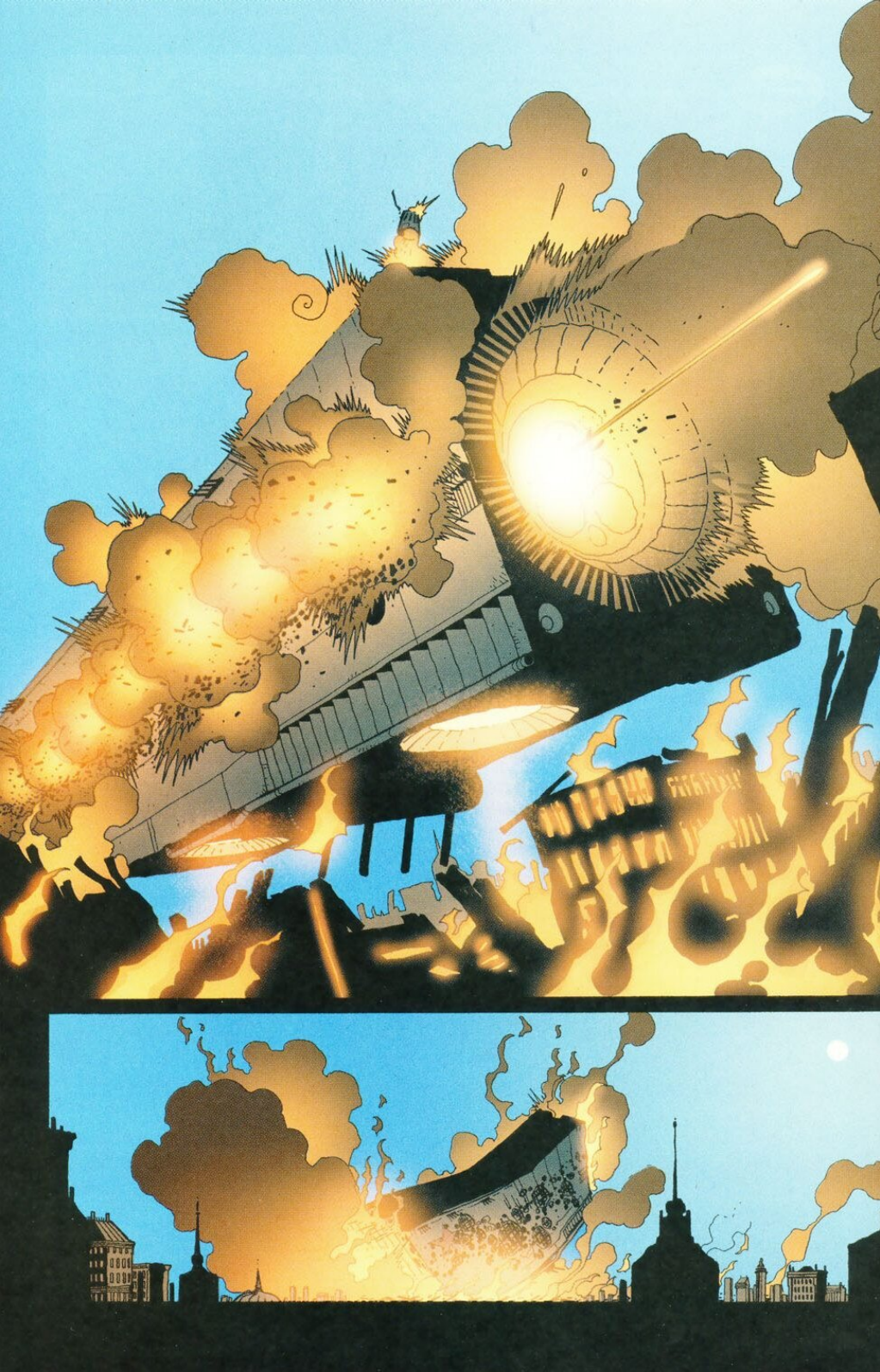

I KNOW, ANGIE. BUT WE CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. IF **THIS** HAS RETURNED FROM OBLIVION, MY SENSE OF **IRONY** TELLS ME THAT WE NEED SOMEONE IN **AMERICA** IMMEDIATELY.
I'M GOING TO TRY AND TAKE CONTROL HERE. WHERE IS EVERYONE **ELSE**...?!

FOR SOME OF US, THERE IS *LIGHT* AFTER *DEATH*...
...AND WE BRING A LITTLE PIECE OF *HOME* BACK WITH US.

SHE'S FIGHTING ME...
HAWKSMOOR TO **MIDNIGHTER**. ARE YOU STILL ON THE CARRIER?
WE NEED YOU IN NEW MEXICO **ASAP**...
NOT NOW.
THERE'S SOME **PERSONAL** BUSINESS THAT NEEDS TO BE ATTENDED TO FIRST.
OLD **GHOSTS** COME BACK TO PLAY...
DAMMIT--!
I'LL TRADE YOU.

JACK...I'M IN NEW MEXICO. YOU WERE **RIGHT**. THERE HE **IS**...
I'M GOING TO GET **INSIDE** HIM... SEE WHAT MAKES HIM **TICK**...
UUUHHHH...
WHA--?!
NO! NO MORE--!!
JACK...
I WON'T DO IT! YOU DON'T OWN ME!
LET ME REST IN PEACE--!

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO.
NEED ANY HELP WITH THAT?
NO. IT'S POINTLESS. I CAN'T STEER THIS THING OUT OF THE CITY...
THE CREW WE CAN HANDLE, BUT THIS THING...
APOLLO TO JACK HAWKSMOOR...
...I'D EVACUATE IF I WERE YOU.
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME...?!
CATCHING SOME QUICK RAYS AROUND THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE EQUATOR.
NOW GET OUT OF THERE.



YOU ASSUME I WAS BURNED INTO OBLIVION...
...BUT THE LIGHT SHINES ON.
THE DEAD SEEKS ITS OWN.
SO MANY GHOSTS THAT PERFUME THE AIR...
...BUT HOW MANY MASTERS HAVE YOU SERVED? FROM BENDIX TO THIS...?
YOU ALWAYS WERE A FLAKE, LAMPLIGHT.
BUT IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY, ISN'T IT...?
NO ONE EVER STAYS DEAD ANYMORE...
...UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY GET WASTED BY ME.

THAT WASN'T FUN.
"ADAM BOMB" HAS A VERY SIMPLE INTERNAL STRUCTURE. HE CONTAINS A BIOLOGICALLY-COMBUSTIBLE ORGAN SYSTEM. HE BUILDS UP A **CHARGE** AND THEN LETS IT LOOSE.
OH.
ANGIE TO **JACK**. I'VE GOT THE SKINNY ON THIS GUY. I'VE SEEN HIS **INSIDES**. I KNOW HOW HE **WORKS**.
NOT EXACTLY THE MOST **EFFICIENT** WEAPON THEY COULD'VE COME UP WITH...
EVERYONE GET THAT?
YUP. WE'RE ALL DONE *HERE*.
FUNNY THING ABOUT THESE RUSSIAN AGENTS...THEY'RE *DEAD*. NOW, MORE THAN *EVER*...BUT THEY WERE TECHNICALLY *ZOMBIES* WALKING THE EARTH.
LATER FOR THAT. ANGIE'S ALL *ALONE* IN AMERICA. LET'S GO.

HE'S AT ABOUT 3 O'CLOCK, A MILE SOUTH-SOUTHEAST. PROBABLY CHARGING UP AGAIN.
HOW MUCH TIME?
TWO MINUTES, MAYBE.
THIS WILL *WORK*...?
DON'T WORRY, DOC... I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED TO KNOW.
JUST CLEAR YOUR MIND...SOME OF THIS MIGHT GET A LITTLE *TECHNICAL*....
NOT MY *FAVORITE* PLACE ON EARTH... NOT A BUILDING IN SIGHT...
APOLLO... PREPARE TO MOVE IN.
OKAY, I *GOT* IT...
...I THINK.
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. THERE HE *IS*...
UUUHHMM...

ALL I KNOW... INSTINCT...
WHU...?
THERE HE IS...
...NOTHING HIDDEN FROM ME.
I'VE GOT HIS NUMBER NOW.
YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE ALL FINISHED HERE...?
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...
CAN YOU SEE THEM?
BETTER THAN YOU. TELESCOPIC VISION.
I KNOW THIS WAS A QUICK FIX...
BIOLOGICAL CASTERATION. SIMPLE, BUT EFFECTIVE.
WE JUST CLIPPED HIS WIRES...

"...THE REST IS UP TO HIM."
WHU...?
I FEEL... DIFFERENT...
YOU ARE...
...YOU HAVE POWER, BUT NO CONTROL.
G-GET AWAY FROM ME! I'LL BLOW US ALL TO HELL... IT'S ALL I KNOW...!
I THINK NOT.
NOT ANY MORE.
GOD HELP YOU... I GAVE FAIR WARNING...
HHRRNNGGG...!
GUUHHH...!
I...CAN'T DO IT...CAN'T DETONATE...
QUICK! I...DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT'LL LAST...
DO WHAT YOU'RE HERE TO DO--! DO IT NOW!
JACK... DO I HAVE AUTHORIZATION?
ANGIE'S INTERNAL SEARCH CONFIRMED IT. HE'S LIKE THE RUSSIANS...DEAD ALREADY.
BESIDES, I THINK HE WANTS IT...

IT'S DONE.
NICE WORK. THESE WEAPONS WERE NEVER MEANT TO SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN.
SO, WHY *DID* THEY?
IF *YOU* DON'T KNOW, THEN I'M STUMPED. GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER *NOW*, DOES IT?
DOOR.
HOME SWEET HO--
WELCOME BACK.
RECOGNIZE *THIS*?

LAMPLIGHT...
ALMOST. AFTER I TORE IT OUT OF HIM, I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT IT. PART OF ITS INTERNAL CIRCUITRY IS VERY FAMILIAR...
SOME OF THIS IS OLD STORMWATCH TECHNOLOGY. WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, PEOPLE?
MORE SECRETS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE...
MANY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS. MUST BE A FULL MOON. AS LONG AS BENDIX HIMSELF DOESN'T SHOW UP...
BITE YOUR TONGUE. I'D LOVE A CRACK AT HIM...
LET'S JUST CHALK THIS ONE UP TO RANDOM WEIRDNESS. WE'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT, I ASSUME...?
FINE.
ONE THING ABOUT THE WALKING DEAD, THOUGH...
...THEY BREAK EASY.
END